Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbated, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this,
Weigh what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hot and dric,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he cals for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your sisters drownd *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, O where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,
That showes his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,
There with fantastick garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

6 for purpose 7 Mountebancke 12 tutch
15 Wey 22 I hate, 24 prefard 25 the nonce
26 chaunce 33 horry 34 fantastique
l. vlt. cronet

Clambring to hang, an enuious sluer broke
When downe her weedy trophæs and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
VVhich time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drink,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alasse then is she drown'd.
Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it *Exit.*
King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to do to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfu
seeks her owne saluation?
Othe. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight,
Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.
Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd her selfe in her o
defence.
Oth. Why tis found so.
Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here lies
poin, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an
hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all;
drown'd her selfe wittingly.
Oth. Nay, but here you good man deluer.
Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands

1 sliuer 2 trophies 4 Marmaide 8 c
Penult. heare